

Falling Feathers by 134340inTEARs

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Summary:

On which Mike Wheeler is an angel with growing wings, that no one could see, and falls for Will Byers, who happens to be his best friend.

Falling Feathers

“Why wings?” It was a question Mike Wheeler made almost every day. Even if his mother already told him the reason, he still couldn’t understand how it was possible. He couldn’t think of growing his wings once he found his person.

“Because you were born like that, sweetie. Our family happens to be like that.” His mother tried to explain, once again.

“Then why doesn’t Grandma have them? If you say only we can see them, why can’t I see them?”

“You could if she had them.” She sighs. “Honey, if your heart gets broken, the feathers start to fall, until you have no wings left.”

Mike could only murmur a soft and low ‘Oh’.

He still didn’t understand.

But it was okay, he was only 4 years old.

Until he looked at the mirror in pain and saw little white thingies growing on his back.

He thought to himself how it could be possible.

He still didn’t understand.

Until the day he saw him in kindergarten, Will Byers, standing alone at the swings looking sad and small, and decided to walk up to him.

“Hello.” Mike said.

“Hi.” The small boy answered.

“Do you want to be my friend?”

The small one looked fondly at Mike’s eyes. Almost making his heart skip a beat.

“Yes.”

For Mike, it was the best thing he has even done.

From that moment to now, that they were in high school and Mike's wings were now big, he knew he had fallen for Will.

He loved him. And that hurt.
For Mike Wheeler, loving Will Byers hurt.

He wanted to protect him all the time, he wouldn't let him alone, not even for a second. He felt like he needed to be with him. Just to feel his warmth.

He never found out Will's feelings towards him and maybe that was the reason why he was hurting.

Maybe because he didn't know his sexuality and always thought Will would never love him too.

They were best friends above all, and he didn't want to lose it. That's why he never said anything about his feelings.

He saw the next day, when he woke up, a fallen feather on his pillow, and his heart ached.

Some days before, at Snow Ball, Will was requested to dance by a girl right in front of his eyes. Mike was left alone as he saw the boy he loved so much dancing with another person that wasn't him. He wanted to cry but he couldn't let anyone know about it.

What if Will saw Mike Wheeler crying at the Snow Ball for seeing his best friend dance with a girl? What if all of his friends saw? He couldn't let that happen.

So he ran away. He left all of his friends behind and ran away. Until his legs felt weak, forcing him to stop.

He wanted to scream and cry.

It hurt so badly. Seeing Will's smile.

He loved seeing his smile, don't get the wrong idea. But he loved if he was the cause and not someone else.

Mike hid the feather in shock. It couldn't be happening, right?

He knew his heart was breaking but that wouldn't make his feathers fall, right?

He kept thinking that matter day after day, as he woke up always finding another fallen feather.

He knew he was losing them.

He knew soon or later he would lose his color.

So he needed to speak.
He needed to open up his heart.

He ran to the phone once he stood up, after hiding a feather onto his pocket. He hoped that would be the last.

Please pick up. He thought.

“Yeah?” He breathed heavily once he heard his voice.

“Will? Meet me at the forest by your house. Now.”

“What? It’s 11 p.m., Mike. We have school tomorrow!” Will claimed.

“I-I know. But please, be there...” He hang up.

Mike fastly left the house and biked to the forest, waiting for him to come, with his heart racing, unknowing of what is to come.

Half an hour had pass by and Mike was almost losing his courage.

Please come, Will. Please, He thought every second, Maybe this was a bad idea.

He looked behind when he heard a noise.
It was him, finally.
He swallowed when he saw Will’s worried face.

“Why are we here, Mike? Is everything alright?” Will was close enough now. Mike was nervous. Too nervous for his own good.

“Yeah. I’m fine. I just. I need to tell you something.”

“What is it?” Will assured with a smile.

“I... I’ve been feeling something for a couple of years. And I can’t handle it anymore. It’s too much!” He takes a long deep breath after yelling his thoughts.

“It’s alright, Mike. You can tell me.” Will spoke using a tender voice. He looked sad in Mike’s eyes, making him wonder what was wrong.

He sighed again.

“I love you. Will Byers. I fucking love you.” He cursed, letting all his emotions out.

He felt lighter.

He waited for Will’s reaction, who wasn’t saying anything.

And he felt heavier.

“W-Will? P-Please say s-something.” Mike choked on his own words due to his tears now falling down. “Will?” Will was slowly getting closer.

The tears were still falling down his face. And he felt his back hurting more than ever. Were his feathers falling behind?

“P-Please, anyt-” Will stood on his tiptoes and cut Mike’s words, placing a soft kiss on his lips.

They kissed tenderly and desperately, as if they longed for years and wanted to appreciate it forever.

Will placed his hands on Mike’s back, rubbing one hand carefully, as if he knew Mike’s back were bleeding before. It made Mike smile in the middle of the kiss.

Finally, the two separated, out of breath, and looked at each other’s eyes.

“I, Love you too, Mike Wheeler.” Will smiled fondly and Mike was no longer crying. His chest and back were no longer hurting. He felt happy.

“You do?” Mike smiled and Will nodded. “*Will, do you want to be my boyfriend?*”

The small one looked fondly at Mike’s eyes. Making his heart skip a beat.

“Yes.”

They kissed again and embraced each other’s arms, feeling each other’s warmth.

They felt okay.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading! TEAR.